

Fruits of Labor

Jealous of his nutritious peers
He stood staring, green with envy
Watching the bushels of broccoli
Swept up hand in hand

Wishing he were fondled like the peaches
Or stolen like the grapes.
Had the bravery of oranges
Having survived their great Florida escape

How he longed to have the envious shapely curves of a sleek pear
Or could compete with an avocado's bravado
Had bunches of friends like the bananas
Alas he was just an apple